THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE essayists of the last century have given us the exercise of the *eyes*, the *cane*, and the *fan*, down even to the manual of the *snuff-box*, with a minuteness which leaves little more to be said on those subjects. But, at the present day, the *cis*-Atlantick *beau-monde* have little use for information of that kind; and I hope to be pardoned for an attempt to offer rules for a practice which, if once systematised, might supersede the necessity of canes, fans, snuff-boxes, and even eyes themselves.

In saluting ladies with whom they have been for a long time acquainted, gentlemen are often indulged with a *shake of the hand:* and it is absolutely necessary that both sexes should be able to impart and distinguish their several degrees of dislike or esteem, by a single *manual* touch.

Under this impression, I have ventured to offer the following regulations for shaking hands between gentlemen and ladies.

When a lady feels a sincere esteem for the gentleman she is saluting, and is willing to give him an undisguised welcome, she is expected to clasp his hand so as at least to confine *all* his fingers; and to continue a gentle pressure *ad libitum*—but not a less time than *one second and three-fifths:* a slight inflection of the arm, while the pressure continues, so as to *seem* to invite a nearer approach, may not be improper—This is called the *shake cordial.*

If a lady feel, or *fancy* that she feels for an individual of the other sex, that sort of *semi-Platonick* love, founded more on artificial sentiment than any real emotion of the heart, she may just raise her arm from her side and move it in a half passive manner, till it forms an angle of forty-five degrees with the line of its hanging position: the hand is here caught by the gentleman—slightly pressed by the fingers, and dropped with a bow—A blush, if *convenient* for the fair one, will not be at all amiss. Among the ladies attached to this mode of salutation, it has the name of *squeeze sentimental;* but is generally, and with much more propriety, denominated the *touch prudish.* The *movement* itself, as well as the feeling which gives birth to it, is extremely difficult to describe.

Many ladies will vouchsafe neither of these favours; and for them the *pat civil* will answer extremely well. In performing this, the lady curtsies close to the gentleman she is saluting, and slightly brushes the tip of her fingers across his hand, which must be devoutly extended to meet the favour: no squeeze is here allowed.

The *touch indifferent* is a lower degree of the *pat civil;* and needs no peculiar description.

There are several other movements which it may be well to distinguish from those belonging to the *legitimate* exercise of the hand: as, the *wheedling spat*, the *French twist*, and *John Bull's grip;* but the unfrequency of these renders any description unnecessary.

If circumstances should render necessary a *slight* on the part of the gentleman, he may meet the *shake cordial* with his hand spread for the *pat civil:* this will make the fair one colour highly, and look extremely blank; but the experiment may be dangerous. If he perceives that the *touch prudish* is intended, he may grasp the lady's hand almost to a *grip:* she will blush outrageously; and, especially if she have a pretty lip, will *pout* for several minutes. The same method may be taken with the *pat civil;* but with this precaution, that the proper instant for squeezing the hand must be attentively noticed. By this means the *curtsy* will be completely spoiled, and a passionate and laughable *fluster* will often be the consequence.

During my last visit in town, I called on Lavinia. This young lady I had long known and esteemed as a girl of an amiable character, a frank and friendly heart. I was hardly announced, when she met me with "the warm right hand of friendship;" and accompanied the *shake cordial* with an assurance of unfeigned welcome. We had scarcely seated ourselves, when Sophia called for an evening visit.—Sophia was an old acquaintance too: and I had not seen her for ten months. She met me with a languid, heartless smile, just deigned the *touch prudish*, and seated herself in silence. Sophia was past the frozen era of twenty-five, passionately fond of sentimental novels, and withal a most outrageous prude. The next morning I visited Mrs. Starch: with this lady I had been acquainted from my childhood, and had the honour of claiming a distant relation to her family. When I entered her apartment, she smiled, but it was the smile of etiquette: she rose, but adjusted her train as she rose—curtsying directly *at me*, she honoured me with the *pat civil*, swept back to her seat, and was *vastly* glad to see me.

I cannot conclude without remarking, that from several ladies of my acquaintance I usually meet the left hand. Concerning this irregularity in friendly greeting, I beg leave to ask a question or two.—Is it accidental? Does a shake from the left hand argue greater esteem on the part of the lady, than one from the right? Is it *tonish?* Or is it merely an *outre* trick to express dislike?

W.

For the Port Folio.

PHILOLOGY.

[The following article merits attention not only from the intrinsick importance of the subject, but because the ingenious authour appears to be an implicit believer of Dr. Johnson's critical creed, respecting a topick where the great lexicographer appears scarcely fallible. On the subject of the system of orthographical uniformity which our authour defends, and the fantastick innovations whose usage he deprecates, he evinces much correctness of thinking. On two points only are we skeptical. The propriety of *prefixing* the note of interrogation to an interrogative sentence, and the employment of a *capital*, whenever a noun occurs in typography. The first custom is extremely familiar among the printers and scholars of Spain, and the beautiful Madrid edition of Don Quixote, one of the most magnificent books in the world, contains plenary evidence of the deliberate and systematical employment of duplicate interrogatories. The second peculiarity we find in the page of My Lord SHAFTESBURY, and we recollect to have read in the writings of some grammarian of the *eighteenth century*, that, formerly, many *noble* authours *affected* to distinguish every noun substantive by a capital. It is certain, however, that for a period of considerable duration, not merely noblemen, but commoners, indulged themselves in this habit. We remember that the late Dr. Nesbit, Principal of Carlisle College, who was a very profound and accurate, as well as elegant, scholar, invariably designated nouns in this manner, even in a familiar epistle to a friend. But, if the theory of very recent and ingenious philologists be admitted, the argument which our ingenious correspondent urges is not conclusive, in that section of his essay, where, with more of the brilliancy of metaphor than of the radiance of reason, he

says, "Nouns ought to be considered as *Primary Planets* round which the other Parts of Speech *merely revolve, as Secondary*, and should be *capitalled* to show their *Preeminence*." All this is very fine. But the better opinion seems to be that this is a fallacy, and that the verb, and even certain *particles*, are equal, in glory, to the noun itself. If our memory be not a deceiver, the ingenious, though often fanciful, authour of Hermes, contends for the sovereignty of the verb. Now, if these opinions be admitted, and every verb, conjunction, and substantive, be alike indicated by a capital, not only a printer's, but an ordinary gazer's eye, would be offended by the appearance of such a multitude of tall fellows overtopping the ignoble crowd of adjectives, adverbs, and prepositions. However, we have no violent antipathy to the use of capitals, as regulated by My Lord Shaftesbury, or any other *noble* authour; and if it be the wish, or the whim, of our printers, to employ them in the Port Folio, we will not militate against their inclination. But no argument, either specious or solid, shall ever influence us to multiply the sign of interrogation. We disdain all kinds of *crookedness* in life, and we think it a deformity in literature. Of the various marks in typography, the note of interrogation is the least sightly. Indeed it is ugly as an urchin. The common argument in its favour, like that in defence of the prodigal use of italicks, which many squander with idle profusion, is, by no means, either cogent or convincing. It is said that the interrogation at the beginning of a sentence, warns the reader of the nature of that sentence, and regulates the tone of his voice accordingly, as it is likewise affirmed, that italicizing marks the emphasis, and aids the energy and elegance of every reciter. But the fact is fully confirmed by experience, that no assistance is thus afforded either to the ingenious or the dull reader. The first, endowed with taste, judgment, and sensibility, wants not such a vulgar auxiliary; and the second, with his turbid perceptions, can never perceive its use.]

ON UNIFORMITY OF ORTHOGRAPHY.

Great effects from little causes spring.

The most Learned and Ingenious have employed their Time, their Talents, and their Pens, in the Improvement of the English Language; and their Success has been rapid, producing many important and useful Changes. But, I am of Opinion, that every Inpovation is not an Improvement; and this, I think, is as clear in Orthography, as it is in Politicks.

As a Crowd of minor Lexicographers succeeded Johnson, each following his own Whim or Caprice, plundering that "Pioneer of Literature," but adulterating his refined Gold with the Alloy of vulgar Custom or conceited Alteration, many improper and injurious Liberties have been taken with Orthography; and the King's English has been literally murdered.

Notwithstanding the Pains and Care of Dr. Johnson, to disentangle arrange, and fix, the Orthography of our Language, we are (even at this late day) so enlightened, and so overwhelmed, with Projectors and their Schemes (this Rage is, I hope, beginning to assuage), as to be involved in orthographical Chaos. To many, who are accustomed to write and spell daily, this Assertion may appear bold; but it is true: and I would advise those who wish to be scrupulously correct in the small, but important, Accomplishment of Spelling, to lay aside this Tribe of petty Innovators, and consult the King, nay, the Emperour of Lexicographers, Johnson. ¿But why should he know better than others? Because he was profoundly learned, made Words his special Study, "sailed round the World of the English Language," and received from those who best knew how and where to bestow it, merited Applause.

Walker has indeed, pretty nearly followed Johnson's Orthography; but he is not uniform, yielding too frequently, and too implicitly, to the Suggestions and Practices of the unlettered Multitude, whose Errours he rather promulges than corrects. In the beginning of his Dictionary, he observes, "It has been a Custom within "these twenty Years, to omit the *k* at "the end of Words when preceded by "*c*. This has introduced a Novelty "into the Language, which is that of "ending a Word with an unusual Let-"ter, and is not only a Blemish on the "Face of it, but may possibly produce "some Irregularity in future Forma-"tives; for mimicking must be writ-"ten with the *k*, though to mimic is "without it." "This Omission of "*k* is, however, too general to be

" counteracted, even by the Authority " of JOHNSON. But it is to be hoped " it will be confined to Words from " the learned Languages." But to preserve a correct and uniform Orthography, the Progress of this Custom, this Innovation, this Irregularity, fraught with the predatory Spirit that pervades every Fiend of Revolution, *must* be checked. And may I not hope that all Preceptors and Printers will unite their Efforts for the Attainment of this desirable Object. Indeed, unless something be done, those capricious Mutations will, it is to be feared, tend so to disguise the Language, that Etymology will be unable to recognise her Relations. A potent Effort was made in the Publication of THE LIFE OF LORENZO DE' MEDICI, to counteract the growing Evil of a barbarous Orthography, and since the Issuing of that elegant Work, the correct Johnsonian Orthography has been gaining Strength: It is adopted in *The United States' Gazette*, and in *The Boston Repertory*. The Friends of the correct old School have therefore the Pleasure to observe it gaining Currency.

By the same Rule of Custom and Innovation which omits the *u* in Honour, Superiour, Inferiour, Ardour, Emperour, Governour, and the *k* in Publick, Critick, Scientifick, and Musick, we might continue so to clip Words and omit Letters, as ultimately to render written Language almost wholly stenographical, thus: howevr kunsēted kritiks altr, pursu the skēm lād doun in Jonsons dixinary, xsept u no um to b rite; thats in korektin sum palpabel erur or mistāk.

The Reason for spelling the words Honour, Superiour, &c. with the *u*, is not that we derive them from the Latin, Emperator, Error; but that we derive them from the French, Empéreur, Erreur; and the French derived them in the first instance from the Latin.

Another Innovation against which I would contend, is that adopted by Writers and Printers, of putting a capital Letter to proper Names only. Formerly Printers used to put a capital Letter to every Substantive; but, of later Days, our Penetration has discovered that it looks *prettier* for common Nouns to be written with small Letters; and, therefore, the Honour of Capitals is confined to proper Names, although typographical Perspicuity is thereby sacrificed. Nouns ought to be considered as Primary Planets, round which the other Parts of Speech merely revolve as Secondary, and should be *capitalled* to show their Preeminence.

And I think it would it be a useful Improvement (and I am not singular in the Opinion) to employ an *inverted Comma* instead of an *Apostrophe*, to mark the possessive Case. The Apostrophe should be used only to point out an Elision, which very often occurs in Poetry. This Distinction would be clear, and would be of Advantage to Foreigners learning the Language.

Language is liable to change from Commigrations, Conquests, Commerce, and from the Esteem the Learned have for a particular Language, from which they transplant Words. CAMDEN remarks, " That though he would not say the *English* Language was as sacred as the *He-* " *brew*, or as learned as the *Greek;* " yet it was as *fluent* as the *Latin*, as " *courteous* as the *Spanish*, as *courtlike* " as the *French*, and as *amorous* as the " *Italian:* so that being beautified and " enriched out of other Tongues, " partly by enfranchising and enden- " izoning foreign Words, and partly " by implanting new ones with artful " Composition, our Tongue is as co- " pious, pithy, and significative as any " other." Possessing such an excellent Character, let us strive to bound its Liability to change. Let us endeavour to establish a correct and uniform Orthography, according to the *approved Standard* fixed by the learned and indefatigable JOHNSON; and let us dignify every Noun, as it ought to be, with a capital Letter.

The extensive Liberty of the People and the Press, in England and the United States, is productive of some Disadvantage to Literature: for what-

ever Whim or Caprice dictate, may be printed on paying the Expense; therefore the World is inundated with Books which serve no other good Purpose than that of furnishing Employment to Paper-makers, Printers, and Book-binders. But were Authours constrained to submit their Works to the Inquisition of a Tribunal established for the express Business of preventing any Book's Issuing from the Press, not consonant to the Manners and Morals of the Community, or not of intrinsick Worth and Merit, without its Stamp, a Criterion might be established, a Standard to preserve the Johnsonian Orthography, and the Language, from the Mutations daily produced by unlettered and capricious Innovators.

In the year 1711, SWIFT wrote a Letter to the Earl of Oxford, proposing a Plan to correct, improve, and ascertain the English Language. He says that "Nothing would be of greater Use towards the Improvement of "Knowledge and Politeness, than "some effectual Method for that Purpose." "Our Language is extremely imperfect; its daily Improvements are by no means in Proportion to its daily Corruptions; "Pretenders to polish and refine it, "have chiefly multiplied Abuses and "Absurdities." "I have never known "this great Town [London], without "one or more *Dunces* of figure who "had Credit enough to give rise to "some new Word, and propagate it "in most Conversations; though it "had neither Humour nor Significancy—while the Men of Wit and "Learning, instead of early obviating "such Corruptions, were too often "seduced to imitate and comply with "them." "Another Cause which "hath contributed not a little to the "Maiming of our Language, is a foolish Opinion advanced of late Years, "that we ought to spell exactly as we "speak, which besides the obvious "Inconvenience of utterly destroying "our Etymology, would be a Thing we "should never see an End of. Not "only the several Towns and Counties "of England have a different Way of "Pronouncing; but, even in London, "they clip their Words after one "manner about the Court, another in "the City, and a third in the Suburbs. "All which reduced to writing, would "confound Orthography. Yet many "People are so fond of this Conceit, "that it is sometimes a difficult Matter to read modern Books and Pamphlets; where Words are so *curtailed* "and *varied* from their original Spelling, that whoever hath been used to "plain English, will hardly know them "by Sight." "If the Choice had been "left to me, I would rather have trusted the Refinement of our Language "as far as it relateth to Sound, to the "Women, than of illiterate Courtfops, half-witted Poets, and University Boys. For it is plain that Women in their Manner of corrupting "Words, do naturally discard the "Consonants as we do Vowels." "More than once, where some of both "Sexes were in Company, I have persuaded two or three of each to take "a Pen, and write down a Number of "Letters joined together just as it "came into their Heads; and upon "reading this Gibberish, we have "found that which the Men had writ, "by the frequent encountering of "rough Consonants, to sound like "*High-Dutch;* and the other, by the "Women, like *Italian*, abounding in "Vowels and Liquids." "What I "have most at heart is, that some "Method should be thought on for "*ascertaining* and *fixing* our Language "forever. For I am of Opinion that "it is better a Language should not be "wholly perfect, than that it should "be perpetually changing; and we "must give over at one Time or "other, or at length infallibly change "for the Worse."

SWIFT seems to have wished to write for Fame: for he expresses his Apprehensions that on Account of the Changes wrought and working on the Language, the Writings of his Time would be unintelligible in the Lapse of a few Years. He excelled in Originality of Thought and Purity of Style: and it must be highly pleasing to him, if he can look down from his

exalted abode, and witness the Avidity and Pleasure with which his Works are still read.

Among the many Superiorities we possess over the Old World, is Uniformity of Pronunciation. Let us add to this uniform and correct Orthography, of which JOHNSON is the best Authority; for WALKER, as observed before, is not uniform, he spells Errour, Governour, (and I believe some more) with the *u*, but Emperor *without* it, while BAILEY, PERRY, and YOUNG spell the Word Emperour. It is therefore correct and safe to follow JOHNSON; but it must be his correct quarto or folio Edition, and not any spurious one, foisted upon the Publick with pretended Improvements. WALKER may be admitted as a Standard for Pronunciation, but not for Orthography.

S.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The Characters of La Bruyere were not only popular in their own day, but they have survived the ordeal of time, which has usually condemned the productions of the local satirist to an early oblivion. Though the personages, who gave a zest to his ridicule, are generally forgotten, yet much of the delicate satire of La Bruyere may be still directed against the follies, and the fopperies of the world. Men are still fond of singularity, still bending to the powerful; arrogant, and assuming to the unhappy;—each one is eager for distinction, each one delights to be the hero of his little theatre of action. La Bruyere wrote against these foibles with the pen of a gentleman, as well as a scholar. In the Aphorisms of the philosopher, and the masterly Sketches of the limner, we discover sense and erudition, and traits of originality, and sometimes the sparklings of wit and irony.

Of the biography of La Bruyere, we can gather little. M. Suard has drawn up a sketch of his life, with strictures on his writings; he is only able, however, to inform us, that he lived in the bustle of a court, that he wrote, and died. None of those incidents, those peculiarities, so interesting in the life of a man of letters, and so illustrative of his character, have been handed to the world. Was there then no Boswell in the court of Louis XIV?

M. Suard, (or rather I should say "Citoyen Suard," as the sans-culottes of the revolution were wont to style him,) observes that were he to point out a passage, which might display at once the superiour talent of La Bruyere, and a happy specimen of contrast in writing, he should select the following apostrophe:

"Not the troubles, Zenobia, which distract your empire, nor the war that you have waged against a powerful nation, since the death of the King, your husband, have diminished your splendour and profusion. On the borders of the Euphrates, you are raising a magnificent palace; the spot you have chosen is delightful, its air mild and salubrious, and its western frontier is shaded by a consecrated grove. The Gods of Syria themselves, (who sometimes visit the earth), could not have chosen a more beautiful region. The surrounding country is now peopled with your workmen, who are busily employed, some in hewing timber, some in carving Liban wood, brass, and porphyry, while the air groans with vast engines, which flatter those who travel to Arabia, that when they return, this palace will be completed in all that grandeur and magnificence, with which you could wish to adorn it.

"Spare nothing, mighty Queen! Be lavish of your gold, and employ the most skilful workmen. Let the Phidiases and the Zeuxes of your age exhaust all their ingenuity in decorating your walls. Trace out gardens, so extensive, so enchanting, that they shall seem to be the production of no mortal hands. Drain your treasures, and devote your utmost industry to this incomparable work; and when you have done, Zenobia, and have given it the last touches, some one of those peasants, who live upon the sandy plains of Palmyra, grown rich by the tolls of your rivers, shall buy this im-

perial residence, with his ready money, to improve it, and render it more worthy of himself and his fortune."

I do not find that any commentator has informed us, who is particularly referred to in the character of Zenobia; but if I may be allowed to conjecture, I would point towards *Anne of Austria*, mother of Louis XIV. The war which she maintained after the death of her husband, was that against Spain, which had been began by Richelieu; and the troubles which distracted her kingdom, were produced by the restless, rebellious, spirit of the great Condé. The situation of the Queen regent had some resemblance to that of the ancient Zenobia; and at one time when the successes of the prince had become alarming, and the throne tottered on its basis, La Bruyere might be justified in apprehending, that the glory and magnificence of Anne were going rapidly to decay.

This *contrast* in composition partakes much of the epigrammatick, and the characters of La Bruyere abound with it. He sometimes pursues a delicate strain of irony, as far as the close, when by an unexpected turn, he displays the force of his arms: thus he seems, as it were, to deceive the enemy with a false movement, until, by a skilful manœuvre, in writing, he is able to present a bold, impregnable front. Such a manner of bringing forward his forces is also exhibited in a pair of portraits, which I shall sketch freely into English.

"Menippus has a florid complexion, and a full fat face. His look is confident, his step firm and determined; he converses with assurance, makes others repeat their observations, and seldom flatters what they say to him. He displays a large handkerchief, and uses it with much noise: he spits far, sneezes loud, sleeps in broad day as well as at night, and snores in company. At dinner or in the street, he occupies more room than any one else, and takes the middle when he walks with his equals; if he stops, they stop also: if he goes on, they follow;—every one seems to copy him. He interrupts you, and corrects you while you are speaking: but you do not interrupt him; no, you are to listen to him as long as he can talk, you are to be of his opinion, you must believe the news he has brought. Does he sit down, observe how he sinks into the elbow-chair, crosses one leg over the other, knits his eye-brows, and draws his hat over his face that he may be alone, or afterwards raise it, and display his forehead. His temper is impatient and revengeful, manners lively, but haughty and supercilious; he is a great laugher, a great libertine, affects to be mysterious in the secrets of the day, and believes himself a man of fine parts.—He is rich."

"Telephon has hollow eyes, a blushing complexion, a lean form, and a meagre countenance. He sleeps little, he is absent and meditative, and with much sense, has the look of a stupid fellow. When you speak of his affairs, he is evasive, and sometimes tells a fib. In the street, he seems afraid to raise his eyes on those who are passing, and walks so softly, that you would imagine he did not dare to tread the earth; he will wrap himself in his cloak, and easily glide through the greatest crowd, without being observed. In company, he puts himself behind the one who is speaking, gathers what is said only by stealth, and withdraws if any one regards him with attention. If you beg him to be seated, he places himself on the edge of the chair; if you hold a conversation with him, he speaks in a low voice, and pronounces indistinctly. Open, however, on the affairs of the nation, he will tell you that he is offended with mankind, and has a poor opinion of the government. In a reply he only moves his lips; he coughs behind his hat, or if he cannot avoid it, he does it unobserved; it costs no one a compliment. Telephon is never at the clubs of the learned and polite; he forgets to display his knowledge, or if he sometimes attempts, it is without success; he perceives how tedious he is to his hearers, and he relates briefly and dryly: he cannot interest them, he cannot raise a smile of approbation. But on his own part,

he is attentive, courteous, and flattering; he laughs at what others say, applauds and joins their opinion, and flies to render them the smallest service.—He is poor."

The first chapter of La Bruyere's work abounds with many of the precepts and *canons* of literature, and light and sportive criticism. The ensuing comparison between Corneille and Racine displays much taste and discrimination, while the antitheses are no where so dazzling as to be painful.

"No one can rival Corneille in those passages, which display the real extent of his powers, for his style is then original and inimitable; but he did not always do justice to himself. His first pieces are dry and laboured: they raised no hopes that he would afterwards have risen so high, as his latest productions surprise us that he could again have fallen so low. In some of his best pieces, there are unpardonable offences against morality, a declamatory style, which retards and debilitates the progress of the action, and a carelesness in expression and versification, which are unaccountable in so great a writer. That for which he was most eminent, was a superiority of genius, to which he was indebted for instances of more perfect poetry, than are found in any language: for the management of his plot, which he often conducted against the rules of the ancients; and, in short, for his catastrophes. For he was not always guided by the taste, the extreme simplicity of the Grecian stage: on the contrary, he was fond of loading the scene with incidents, but which he gegerally carried through with success; admirable above all for the variety of his designs, and the little resemblance that is discovered in the great number of poems which he formed. It is evident that those of Racine have more similarity, and tend more to one point. But Racine is equal; he supports himself, he is every where the same, whether in the design and management of his piece, which are just, regular, founded in good sense and nature; or in his versification, which is correct and copious, elegant, flowing, and affluent in its rhymes. He scrupulously copied the simplicity and nakedness of the ancient theatre, and in short he had every thing which is great and commanding, as Corneille possessed all which is touching and pathetick. Where can there be more delicacy, than is diffused throughout the Cid, Polyeuctus, and the Horaces? Where more grandeur than in Mithridates, Porus, and Burrhus?

"The Orestes and the Phædra of Racine, as the Œdipus and the Horaces of Corneille, are proofs that both these poets were intimately acquainted with the passions, which the ancient tragick writers were so fond of exciting on the stage. If, however, I may be allowed to compare them, and to distinguish the peculiar excellences of each, I would say that Corneille raises his sentiments and characters above human nature, Racine conforms to it; the one paints man as he ought to be, the other exhibits him as he is. In the first, there is more of what we admire, and what we ought to imitate; in the second, more of what we recognise in the world, and experience in ourselves. The former elevates, amazes, subdues, and instructs: the latter is pleasing, moving, pathetick, and penetrative. Whatever is most beautiful, whatever is most noble and lordly in reason, is wielded by the first; and by the second, whatever is soft and conciliating in passion. The one abounds with maxims, precepts, and rules of life: the other is full of taste and sentiment. The pieces of Corneille rather seize the attention, those of Racine are more softening and attractive. Corneille is rather ideal and speculative, Racine has more reality, more of the world. The one seems to have imitated Sophocles, the other owes more to Euripides."

M. Suard has given but a limited sphere to the design of La Bruyere, when he observes that his Characters exhibit only the courtier, the lawyer, the financier, and the citizen of the age of Louis XIV. La Bruyere himself says that his plan was to paint the manners

of men in every age; and surely the follies which he has laughed at, were never confined to a court of France. But even where the satire appears local, the shaft may, perhaps, be still directed against those foibles and weaknesses of our nature, which "*shoot up in every soil, the product of all climes.*" For instance, in the following sarcasm on the Parisian ladies of his time, he exposes that want of delicacy in the female world, which made an ill-natured poet exclaim, that every woman is at heart a rake.

"Every body knows that large Causeway, which stretches along the borders of the Seine, on the side where it enters Paris, after receiving the waters of the Marne; it is there that the men bathe, during the sultry heats of the dog-days: there they are seen to throw themselves into the water, and rise out of it; it is an amusement. Before this season the ladies of Paris do not visit the place, and when it is over, they are seen there no longer."

Will Mr. Oldschool pardon me, for encroaching so long upon the miscellaneous department of his paper?—I have endeavoured to copy two or three of the beauties of La Bruyere, into the English "*school;*" like the copies of exquisite miniatures, however, they have not the grace and contour of the original painting. Indeed, few writers, and surely few translators, have caught that simplicity, that terseness, and chastity of ornament, which give a lustre to the writings of La Bruyere.

M.

TACITUS.

"There yet remains to us," says Quintilian, "a man who enhances the glory of our age, and is worthy to be remembered by posterity; whose name will be dear to them, although now I do not mention it. He has many admirers, but no imitators; for his love of liberty has injured him, though he has obliterated many things he had written. But you may discern his highly exalted spirit and his bold opinions, even in those which remain. He is indeed a truly philosophical historian."

"His Roman voice in base degenerate days,
Spoke to imperial pride in freedom's praise;
And with indignant hate, severely warm,
Showed to gigantick guilt his ghastly form."

HAYLEY.

In the first christian century, and in the reign of Nero, Tacitus was born of an honourable family. His father was a knight, and the governour of Belgick Gaul; and himself passed through the gradation of civil offices, till, under the reign of Nerva, he was appointed consul. His works are a remnant of the Roman history, of which twenty-seven years were completed by him, extending from the sixty-ninth to the ninety-sixth year of Christ, but of which only the first, and part of the second year, have reached posterity. He had written complete annals of Tiberius, Caius, Claudius, and Nero; the whole of those of Caius, and the beginning of those of Claudius, are lost. Of thirty books, we have only sixteen of this work, and five of his history.

We are, however, in possession of two inestimable compositions of Tacitus; the one, a treatise on the manners of the ancient Germans; the other, a life of Agricola, whose daughter he had married, and who had been governour of our island in the time of Domitian. Gibbon says of Britain, that "it submitted to the Roman yoke after a war of forty years, undertaken by Claudius the most stupid, maintained by Nero the most dissolute, and terminated by Domitian, the most timid of all the emperours." Before we consider the writings of Tacitus, it may be proper to recur to the times in which he lived. His infancy was passed amidst the horrours of the reign of Nero; he lived during the atrocities of Galba, the drunkenness of Vitellius, and the robberies of Otho; but having respired somewhat a purer air under Vespasian and Titus, was obliged, in his manhood, to sustain the hypocritical tyranny of Domitian.

Perhaps he may be said to have lived at a time, when the condition of the human race was more unhappy than at any other in the annals of the world. During fourscore years, excepting only the short and doubtful respite of Vespasian's reign, Rome, says Mr. Gibbon, groaned beneath an unremitting tyranny, which exterminated the ancient families of the republick, and was fatal to almost every virtue and every talent, that arose in that unhappy period.

Tacitus was constrained to bend the loftiness of his soul, and to relax the firmness of his principles, not to the debasement of a courtier, but to the compliance of a subject who dared not to complain. Incapable of deserving the friendship of Domitian, he could not but deserve his hatred. His disgust he was obliged to conceal, and in secret to lament the massacre of innocent citizens, and the wounds of his much-loved country. Prevented from giving vent to his feelings, Tacitus, in the delightful retreat which literature always affords to the virtuous in their disappointments, poured forth a torrent of complaint and indigna-

tion, which alone could tend to console him. This is what renders him so interesting and so animated a writer. When he inveighs, he does not declaim. A man seriously and deeply affected cannot do so. He paints, in colours most vivid, and most true, all that slavery has to disgust, all that despotism and cruelty possess to terrify.

The hopes and the successes of vice, the depression of innocence, and the abasement of virtue, all that he had seen, and all that he had suffered—he describes in such a manner, that his readers are rendered spectators, and almost fellow-sufferers with himself. Tacitus has been sometimes called a general calumniator. But did not he who has so feelingly traced the last moments of Germanicus, and who has left so unqualified a panegyrick on Agricola, discern virtue where it existed, and bestow upon it a splendid and a willing encomium? Tacitus was an orator of great eminence. He delivered a funeral oration on the death of Virginius, whom he succeeded in the consulship; and, together with the younger Pliny, who was his bosom friend, he conducted the famous cause of the Africans against Marcus Priscus, accused, as proconsul, of having received bribes in his office. He was sentenced to pay three hundred thousand sesterces, as a penalty, and to be banished from Italy.

Tacitus deservedly holds a very high rank amongst the historians of Greece and Rome. His summary view of those disastrous times, is an awful picture of civil commotion and the wild distraction of a frantick people. All legitimate government, and of course all liberty, were at an end, when the prætorian bands, the armies of Germany, and the legions of Syria, assumed the right of electing emperours without the authority of the senate.

Tacitus probably survived his friend Pliny, and died in the reign of Trajan. Although they differed in politicks, they were the ornaments of their age, men of distinguished talents, encouragers of literature, and patrons of virtue. Tacitus had read mankind as well as books. He had all the powers that constitute a fine genius; he had a thorough knowledge of all the modes of government then known in the world, was versed in all civil affairs, and intimately acquainted with the policy of statesmen. What a picture does he give of Tiberius! how are his art and treachery developed! and how much does the narration evince the propriety of a maxim, not always admitted, that truth only should be spoken of the dead! What painter can so well portray the destruction of the legions under Varus? How is the light contrasted with the shade, when he exhibits the portrait of Germanicus; his death in Syria; and the appearance of Agrippina at the port of Brundusium, when he quits the ship, leading her children, and sustaining the urn of her deceased and murdered husband!

In the lively description of the historian, Messalina, dying, becomes almost an object of compassion. His annals have been called an Historical Picture-Gallery; and those who have denominated him a misanthrope, had they recollected that he had "fallen on evil times," ought rather to have distinguished him as the anatomist of the human heart.

His life of Agricola is a perfect model of biography; a mode of writing cultivated in the time of the old republick, but entirely disused under the emperours. This general, having carried his victorious arms from the south of Britain to the Grampian Hills, was recalled by Domitian through envy of his fame, and lived for a few years, the remainder of his life, in the calm delights of a peaceful retirement. The historian has written the life of his father-in-law, in language celebrated for its purity and elegance; and this performance has always been distinguished for the many excellent instructions and important truths, which it contains.

The style of the Annals, the work of his old age, consists of stately periods and much pomp of expression; that of the History is more subdued and temperate, sparing of words and replete with sentiment. Tacitus has been reproached with falling into the errour, mentioned by Horace, of becoming obscure by attempting to be concise. He admits many Græcisms into his language; and in imitation of the manner introduced by Seneca, is sometimes florid and poetical. His treatise on the manners of the Germans, is a composition justly admired for the fidelity and exactness with which it is executed; and here the objections to his diction do not seem to have a place. His general language has been censured as being rather laboured than lofty, and his figures rather bold than just. It is, however, confessed, that his faults arise not from a want of power, but of moderation; not from a deficiency of genius, but of judgment; that when he chooses to descend from his exaltation, there is no authour among the Romans who writes with greater purity.

If a certain obscurity or affectation be found to deform his style, and render it a dangerous model for the imitation of youth, exhibiting rather a misapplication than a display of talents; yet such is the dignity, and such the justness of his sentiments, such the profoundness of his understanding and apparent goodness of his heart, as to render him at least the equal of any historian of any country.

Mrs. C. Smith, in the following poem, has very charmingly combined the agreeable and the useful. Whatever exhibits the triumph of industry, ingentity, and perseverance, must be sure to captivate the attention of all, but yawning readers. Such a poem as this, is bark and steel to the mind. It is a powerful corroborant of the nerves of exertion and a stronger stimulus than all the opium of the Brunonians.

TO THE MULBERRY TREE,

on reading the oriental aphorism, "by patience and labour the mulberry leaf becomes sattin."

Hither, in half-blown garlands drest,
Advances the reluctant Spring,
And, shrinking, feels her tender breast
Chill'd by Winter's snowy wing.
Nor wilt thou, alien as thou art, display
Or leaf, or swelling bud, to meet the varying day.

Yet, when the mother of the rose,
Bright June, leads on the glowing hours;
And from her hand luxuriant throws
Her lovely group of Summer flowers;
Forth from thy brown and unclad branches shoot
Serrated leaves and rudiments of fruit.

And soon the boughs umbrageous spread
A shelter from Autumnal rays,
While gay beneath thy shadowy head,
His gambols happy childhood plays;
Eager, with crimson fingers to amass
Thy ruby fruit, that strews the turfy grass.

But where, festoon'd with purple vines,
More freely grows thy graceful form;
And skreen'd by towering Appenines,
Thy foliage feeds the spinning worm:
PATIENCE and INDUSTRY protect thy shade,
And see, by future looms, their care repaid.

They mark the threads, half viewless wind,
That form the shining, light, cocoon,
Now tinted as the orange rind,
Or paler than the pearly moon;
Then at their summons, in the task engage,
Light, active youth, and tremulous old age.

The task that bids thy tresses green
A thousand varied hues assume;
There, coloured like the sky serene,
And mocking here the rose's bloom;
And now in lucid volumes lightly roll'd,
Where purple clouds are starr'd with mimick gold.

But not because thy veined leaves,
Do to the grey-wing'd moth supply
The nutriment whence Patience weaves
The monarch's velvet canopy;
Through his high dome a splendid radiance throws,
And binds the jewel'd circlet on his brows.

And not, that thus transformed thy boughs
Now as a cestus clasp the fair,
Now in her changeful vestment flows,
And fillets now her plaited hair.
I praise thee, but that I behold in thee
The TRIUMPH OF UNWEARIED INDUSTRY.
'Tis, that laborious millions owe
To thee the source of simple food,
In eastern climes; or where the Po
Reflects thee from his classick flood;
While useless Indolence may blush to view
What PATIENCE, INDUSTRY and ART can do.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy.

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy.

A man, says the inimitable ADDISON, would neither choose to be a hermit nor a buffoon. Human nature is not so miserable as that we should be always melancholy; nor so happy as that we should be always merry. In a word, a man should not live as if there was no God in the world, nor, at the same time, as if there were no men in it.

—

GOLDSMITH, who is not much below him as a genuine English Classick, expresses himself often with the same felicity: Every situation in life brings its own peculiar pleasures; every morning wakes us to a repetition of toil, but the evening repays it with vacant hilarity.

—

The same writer, speaking of the pretended poverty of Burchell, and the neglect of his parasites, displays his admirable antitheses, but not with the affectation of Seneca: "Their former raptures at his wit, are now converted into sarcasms at his folly. He is poor, and perhaps deserves poverty; for he has neither the ambition to be independent, nor the skill to be useful."

—

We are not to judge of the feelings of others by what we might feel if in their place. However dark the habitation of the mole to our eyes, yet the animal itself finds the apartment sufficiently lightsome.

—

A Walpole wit observes that the late-invented method of making *iron-bound* boots and shoes, is actually putting mankind upon a *footing* with horses.

—

A country curate being asked by the parish 'squire what was meant by the phrase, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum?*" answered, there remains nothing of the dead but their *bones*.

SONNET, BY ANNA SEWARD.

The future, and its gifts, alone we prize,
Few joys the present brings, and those alloy'd;
Th' expected fulness leaves an aching void;
But Hope stands by, and lifts her sunny eyes
That gild the days to come.—She still relies
The phantom Happiness not thus shall glide
Always from life. Alas!—yet ill betide
Austere Experience, when she coldly tries
In distant roses to discern the thorn!
Ah! is it wise to anticipate our pain?
Arriv'd, it then is soon enough to mourn.
Nor call the dear Consoler false and vain,
When yet again, shining through April tears,
Those fair enlight'ning eyes beam on advancing years.

—

In an eloquent pamphlet, written in the decline of his life, BURKE gallantly defends himself against the charge of political inconstancy. The argument is irresistible, and the language of one sentence shall speak for itself.

He has been charged with passing from extreme to extreme; but he has always kept himself in a medium. This charge is not wonderful. It is in the nature of things, that they, who are in the centre of a circle, should appear directly opposed to those who view them from any part of the circumference. In that middle point, however, he will still remain, though he may hear people, who themselves *run beyond Aurora and the Ganges*, cry out, that he is at *the extremity of the West.*

—

GIBBON thus describes a literary gladiator.

He was a master of science, of language, and, above all, of dispute; and his acute and flexible logick could support, with equal address, and, perhaps, with equal indifference, the adverse sides of every possible question.

—

Cumberland, on his voyage to Spain in the Milford frigate, was present at a naval combat with a French vessel, the commander of which made a most gallant resistance, but was at length killed, and his crew were obliged to acknowledge the superiority of British bravery and skill. Our authour wrote a song on the occasion; and though we believe it is the first effort of his muse in nautical poetry, it has uncommon merit. The introduction we give in the authour's own words.

In the course of this day I wrote a song, for my amusement, descriptive of this action, and adapted it to the tune of

Whilst here at Deal we're lying boys,
With the noble Commodore.

Our crew were very musically inclined, and we had some passably good singers among them, which suggested to me the idea of writing this sea-song; we frequently sung it in Lisbon, in lusty chorus, but their delicacy would not allow them to let it be once heard, till their prisoners were removed: and this was the answer made to me by a common seaman, when I asked why they would not sing it during the voyage; an objection which had escaped me, but which I felt the full force of when stated to me by him.

The song was as follows, and the circumstances under which it was written must be my apology for inserting it.

'Twas up the wind, three leagues, or more,
We spied a lofty sail;
Set your top-gallant sails, my boys,
And closely hug the gale.

Nine knots the nimble Milford ran,
Thus, thus the master cried,
Hull up we brought the chase in view
And soon were side by side.

Douse your Dutch ensign, up Saint George!
To quarters now all hands,
With lighted match beside his gun
Each British hero stands.

Give fire, our gallant captain cries,
'Tis done, the cannons roar;
Stand clear, Mounseers, digest these pills,
And soon we 'll give you more.

Our chain-shot whistles in the wind,
Our grape descends like hail,
Hurrah my souls, three cheering shouts,
French hearts begin to quail.

Rak'd fore and aft, her shattered hull
Lets in the briny flood;
Her decks are carnaged with the slain,
Her scuppers stream with blood.

Her French Jack shivers in the wind;
Its lilies all look pale;
Down it must come, it must come down,
For Britons will prevail.

And see, 'tis done: she strikes, she yields:
Down haughty flag of France:
Now board her boys, and on her staff
The English cross advance.

There, there triumphantly it flies,
It conquers and it saves;
So gaily toss the cann about,
For Britons rule the waves.

—

A man of liberal curiosity turns all nature into a magnificent theatre, replete with objects of wonder and surprise; and filled up chiefly for his happiness and entertainment: he industriously examines all things, from the minutest insect to the most finished animal; and, when his limited organs can no longer make the disquisition, he sends out his imagination upon new inquiries.

—

There is no animal whose frame is more sensibly affected by the air than man. It is true he can endure a greater variety of climates than the lower orders generally are

able to do; but it is rather by the means which he has discovered of obviating their effects, than by the apparent strength of his constitution. Most other animals can bear cold or hunger better, endure greater fatigues in proportion, and are satisfied with shorter repose. The variations of the climate, therefore, would probably affect them less.

—

The following paragraph is extracted from a British Critique on a new opera, called "*The Travellers.*" It may afford a hint to American actors and actresses.

"That species of turgid style and affected sentiment, which modern play-writers have unhappily mistaken for fine writing, abounds in every part of the dialogue, and the most fulsome and disgusting compliments to the British nation, are put into the mouths of almost all the characters, Chinese, Turkish, Italian, Irish, and English, as they successively appear. This indirect way of flattering ourselves, has something in it so offensive to good taste, and so inconsistent with national dignity, that it ought to be strongly and publickly discountenanced."

—

The following acute and ingenious remarks were made many years ago by Soame Jenyns, at the expense of his countrymen. His satire, at once just and elegant, applies with more force to this country than to England.

"There is in every country a certain characteristick of taste, which, during the same period of time, affects all arts, sciences and professions in a similar manner, though perhaps not easy to be expressed: that which prevails with us at present is, an affectation of something superiour to nature and truth; of all that excites our admiration rather than of what satisfies our judgment. The very same extravagances runs through all our literature, manners, and diversions, to the utter neglect of all true beauty, simplicity, and usefulness: thus our literature is disgraced with bombast and barbarism; our politicks soar into visionary speculation, and our religion dwindles into grimace, whining, cant, and hypocrisy."

—

GLEE, BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

Not inserted in his works, on a golden cup with embossed figures, dedicated to the god of mirth by the Harmonick Club.

Mirth, be thy mingled pleasure mine—
The joys of musick, love, and wine!
While high thy votive cup I hold,
And trace the forms that breathe in gold.

Beneath this vine, lo! Bacchus laid,
And Venus twines the ivy braid,
While each light Grace with zone unbound
Weaves the dance the bower around.

Here, with gay song and sportive lyre,
Wing'd Cupid leads the Idalian choir
Where the crush'd grape from every vein
Dyes their feet with purple stain.

CHORUS.

I hear the god's ecstatick notes,
Each sense in sweet delirium floats;
Pledge the cup, the chorus join,
And echo—musick, love, and wine.

—

Soame Jenyns thus poignantly describes the utter inability of the *common herd* to think for themselves, much less to form a constitution for others.

If one who has constantly paid his court to reason from his childhood, has had a liberal education and continual leisure, and examined every thing with coolness, care, and impartiality, yet misses of his aim, and bewilders himself in mazes, or is entangled in absurdities, how can it be expected, that the common herd of mankind, without preparation, without thirst of knowledge, without command of their time, immersed in business, pleasures, or passions, and driven forcibly along by the torrent of example, should ever strike out a complete rule of conduct, or system of opinion, without some better guidance, than that of their own sagacity.

—

It is whispered, we know not with what foundation, that Mrs. Radcliffe, the authour of some of the best romances which have appeared either in England or on the continent, has been for some time deprived of her reason and confined in a private mad-house. This melancholy event is ascribed by some to the brutality of a jealous husband, and by others, to too much intenseness of mental occupation. We hope that the whole story is destitute of foundation, and that the ingenious lady, who is the subject of this report, is sequestered from the world by her own choice, and that if her fine imagination be heated, it is not in the furnace of affliction. Taking, however, the rumour to be true, some scholar of sensibility, has thus bewailed the WRECK OF REASON.

Would your imagination stray;
To scenes of horrour make its way;
Would it from sorrow take its flight;
From scenes of pleasure, to affright;
Would it, reluctant, slowly creep,
And o'er the *wreck of reason* weep;
—Hither come, ye blithe and gay;
Come, and throw your mirth away.
Weeping beauty, hither hie,
And o'er the ruin breathe a sigh;
Come and see, ye giddy vain,
A sadder sight than "crazy Jane."

The tender heart, the lib'ral mind,
The soul by sentiment refin'd,
The modest mein, the graceful air,
Are gone, and all is ruin there:
The matchless whole, divinely grac'd,
Is chang'd into chaotick waste;
The timid mind, with terrour fated,
Starts at the phantoms it created.

—See the maniack's ghastly stare!
See her loose dishevelled hair!
See her widely rolling eyes,
Distorted form, and piercing cries!
See she trembles, writhes and groans,
And fills the air with piteous moans!

—O RADCLIFFE! this at last thy fate,
To sink to such a dreadful state!—
See she shudders, starts, and raves
Of grinning ghosts and gaping graves,
Of antique arms, and haunted halls,
Of tott'ring turrets, mould'ring walls.
The fulgent cross, the monkish cowl,
The raven's flap, the boding owl,
The warning knell, the mystick roll,
With horrour strike her frenzied soul.
The murky vault's terrifick gloom,
The echoes from the dismal tomb,
The quiv'ring pail, the crimson'd knife,
All gory with the blood of life,
The secret cell, the glimmering light,
The putrid corse, the flitting sprite,
The pendant chain, the magick chest,
With terrour fill her frantick breast.

No more she 'll pen the fairy dream,
The awful, yet the pleasing theme:
No more portray, with matchless art,
To frighten, yet delight the heart;
Genius in her has left the throne,
And madness now usurps alone.
Let frozen souls precise and nice,
Call her the native child of vice;
Let torpid spirits, dry and stale,
Affect to startle and bewail;
A patent reason all may bring,
They in her *moral* find a *sting*—
E'en savage minds to feeling dead,
And icy hearts by *virtue led*,
When pitying death relieves her woe,
And lays the hapless victim low,
Might come, and on the maniack's bier,
Shed pensive pity's softest tear.

—

There is a legal presumption against men *quando se nimis purgitant;* and if a charge of ambition is not refuted by an affected humility, certainly the character of fraud and perfidy is still less to be washed away by indications of meanness. Fraud and prevarication are servile vices. They sometimes grow out of the necessities, always out of the habits, of slavish and degenerate spirits: and, on the theatre of the world, it is not by assuming the mask of a Davus or a Geta, that an actor will obtain credit for manly simplicity and a liberal openness of proceeding. It is an erect countenance; it is a firm adherence to principle; it is a power of resisting false shame and frivolous fear, that assert our good faith and honour, and assure to us the confidence of mankind.

—

In the following concise character of Cardinal Wolsey, HUME is not sparing of the figure antithesis, but, it must be confessed, he employs it much in the taste of the classick historians:

Insatiable in his acquisitions, but still more magnificent in his expense: of extensive capacity, but still more unbounded enterprise: ambitious of power, but still more desirous of glory: insinuating, engaging, persuasive; and, by turns, lofty, elevated, and commanding: haughty to his equals, but affable to his dependants; oppressive to the people, but liberal to his friends; more generous than grateful; less moved by injuries than contempt; he was framed to take the ascendant in every intercourse with others, but exerted this superiority of nature with such ostentation as exposed him to envy, and made every one willing to recal the original inferiority, or rather meanness, of his fortune.

—

SONNET, BY ANNA SEWARD.

When life's realities the soul perceives
Vain, dull, perchance corrosive, if she glows
With rising energy, and open throws
The golden gates of Genius, she achieves
His fairy clime delighted, and receives
In those gay paths, deck'd with the thornless rose,
Blest compensation.—Lo! with alter'd brows
Low'rs the false world, and the fine spirit grieves:
No more young Hope tints with her light and bloom
The darkening scene.—Then to ourselves we say,
Come, bright Imagination, come! relume
Thy orient lamp; with recompensing ray
Shine on the mind, and pierce its gathering gloom
With all the fires of intellectual day!

The genius displayed in the ensuing burlesque poem challenges for it a place in The Port Folio. We borrow this poetical joke from The Monthly Anthology, a work in no respect inferiour to the best of the British Magazines.

To the Editors.

GENTLEMEN,

Several susceptible youths of your city have lately been employed in making woeful ballads to their mistress's eye-brow. It entered into my noddle to attempt something after their manner upon the interesting object of my tenderest attachments—DOLLY.

EPISTLE TO DOLLY.

From the dark gulf of comfortless despair
Oh suffer me, thou empress of my soul,
With trembling hand and gizzard* titillating,
And heart that beats in unison with yours,
Like some twin cherry, by sweet zephyr mov'd,
Jostling in concert with its ruby brother,
To write to you, your sex's nonpareil.

Those gooseberry eyes with emerald lightnings big,
Beaming sublime like barn-door in the morn,
Have burnt thy Neddy's heart just like, forsooth,
A crisp pork-chop upon a gridiron.
Oh, oh those pouting cherry lips of thine,
Where little cherubim and seraphim

---

* Lately discovered.

Dance sportive to thy throat's wild melody;
Oh Dolly Dumpling, Dolly Dumpling oh!
Deign, deign to squint one ray of love divine
Into my tender bosom, Greenlandiz'd
With cold disdain and Lapland iciness.
Paint to yourself my restless form laid prone
In sheets of linen or of cotton made,
There thinking on thy angel mein I toss in pain,
Turning now on this and then on t'other side,
My throbbing heart the while with forceful beat
Striving to break my ribs and 'scape to thee.
So have I often seen some hapless goose,
In farmer's yard by cruel coop pent in,
Reekless of life beat hard against the slits,
And strive in vain to gain the gabbling flock.

How pleasant sitting at my cottage door
To view at eve the sun's declining ray,
Soft sliding through the mountain's blushy brow;
To hear the vacant laugh of honest steed,
The bee-hive's buzz, and courting pidgeon's coo.
When toil is o'er, and stretch'd upon the turf,
How sweet to view our little playful lambs
Bound like grasshoppers in a field of hay;
And when our pretty little brindle cow,
Before the wicker gate with meekest look,
Shall ask our pliant hands her teats to squeeze,
How will your Neddy and his Dolly dear,
With each a milking-pail and each a stool,
Express the streams of sweet nectareous dew,
That gods shall wish to be like *I* and *you*.

NEDDY NITRE.

—

MERRIMENT.

A very beautiful woman having the miniature picture of her *ugly* husband suspended on her breast, asked Mr. Moore, the elegant translator of Anacreon, whom he thought it like. "I think," said he, "it is like *the Saracen's Head on Snowhill*."

—

"I wish," said Rigby to Charles Fox, "that you would stand out of my light, or that you had a window in that great belly of yours"—"What," said Charles, "that you might lay an additional tax upon it, I suppose."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We wish for a *private* opportunity to express our opinion of the genius and wit of "CLIMENOLE," and to thank him for those *original* papers, with which, at different times, he has adorned this miscellany. The Editor earnestly hopes that Climenole has not made a vow to have no more correspondence with The Port Folio.

One of our literary friends, and not the least favoured of the group, has remonstrated with the editor for publishing so many extracts from British books, and the indignation of our correspondent is kindled into a perfect blaze when he adverts to the circumstance of our copying many of the letters of Cowper. In defence, the editor must urge, that, at the time, he could exhibit nothing more new, interesting, and elegant. The epistles of Cowper challenge a decided superiority over every other effort in that walk in the English language. Let us listen to the Edinburgh criticks, and then the editor may be forgiven for obtaining and using a loan from the rich bank of foreign literature.

"Of these letters we may safely assert, that we have rarely met with any similar collection of superiour interest or beauty. Though the incidents to which they relate be of no publick magnitude or moment, and the remarks which they contain be not uniformly profound or original, yet there is something in the sweetness and facility of his diction, and more perhaps in the glimpses they afford of a pure and benevolent mind that diffuses a charm over the whole collection, and communicates an interest that cannot always be commanded by performances of greater dignity and pretension. This interest was promoted and assisted, no doubt, in a considerable degree, by that curiosity, which always seeks to penetrate into the privacy of celebrated men, and which had been almost entirely frustrated, in the instance of Cowper, till the appearance of these letters. Though his writings had long been extremely popular, the authour was scarcely known to the publick; and having lived in a state of entire seclusion from the world, there were no anecdotes of his conversation, his habits, or opinions, in circulation among his admirers. The publication of his correspondence has in a great measure supplied this deficiency."

We hope that the "Gleaner" will continue his labours. He displays various and extensive reading, and gazes very steadfastly through the spectacles of criticism at the fairest objects in literature.

"A White Friar," we fancy, looks at his bumper oftener than at his rosary. He is doubtless one of a convivial brotherhood, and makes more vows to Saint Bacchus than to Saint Francis. We have heard of *friars of orders grey*, who "themselves by denial of mortify, with a *dainty bit of a warden pie*."

Their beads and cross they hold divine,
They pray with fervent zeal
To rosy Bacchus, god of wine,
Who does each joy reveal.
There absolution you 'll receive,
Ye blue-eyed nuns, so fair,
And benedictions they will give
To banish every care,

"A pleasant Journey" is one of the most irksome rambles we ever took over the barren moor of stale description.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

The following lines were sent by a private hand, a short time since, but I know not whether you have received them.

Softly through the check'ring trees,
Cynthia pours her mellow light;
While the gently whisp'ring breeze
Wooes the genius of the night.

Spring-born May has spread her flow'rs,
Flora laughs in ev'ry grove;
Lightly dance the sportive hours,
And Nature's pulse beats high to love.

List! the ev'ning warbler's throat,
Yonder by the tinkling rill;
Sweet she trills her vesper note,
And Echo answers, "whip-poor-will!"

Come, my fair, enjoy the scene,
Down the green walk let us stray;
Duller souls may doze within,
Come, Lavinia, come away!

How sweet, at such an hour as this,
The zest of social bliss to prove,
To snatch, unblam'd, the melting kiss,
Warm from the conscious lip of love!

W.

For The Port Folio.

A sudden flaw of wind had alarmed Miss ——, when on a sailing party: the following compliment, it is hoped, compensated her for the fright.

Æolus saw our sport begun,
And, starting in a twinkling,
Cry'd, "'twould be most delicious *fun*
To give these sparks a sprinkling."

Just then the old mischievous wight,
Espied our lovely charge:
"Lord! hush!" he bawl'd in desp'rate fright,
"There 's VENUS in the barge!"

EPIGRAMS.

So fair I thought your face and mind
I wonder'd much that half mankind
Were not of wits bereav'd;
I 've had you now three weeks to try
And wonder how the devil I
Could be so much deceiv'd.

SOUND LOGICK.

Said buxom Joan to husband Dick,
If man and wife one creature be,
To cuckold you 's a loving trick
Since you the pleasure share with me.

You 're right, said Dick, and twig of tree
About her sides with vigour flew,
Since you the pleasure share with me
I 'll kindly share the pain with you.

FOILED IN ESSENTIALS.

Unhappy me! said Nepo's wife;
Riches and virtue how to gain
Has been my study all my life,
Yet neither could I ere obtain.

EPITAPHS.

Here lies Randolph Peter, of Oriel, the Eater;
Whoe'er you are, tread softly, I intreat you,
For if he chance to wake, be sure, he 'll eat you.

On Tom Lock, a Fisherman at East Bourne, Sussex, who was a good cook, but addicted to drinking moonshine.

Ye men of East Bourne, and the neighbouring shore,
Bewail your loss! Tom Lock—he is no more,
Where will you find a man of equal parts,
Vers'd in the boatman's and the kitchen arts!
Equally skilful, if at land or sea,
And to behold a perfect prodigy,
His neck distended to uncommon size,
His croaking voice, and then his swollen eyes,
Were such true emblems of the life he led,
You 'll not much wonder that he now lies dead.
'Twas *moonshine* brought him to this fatal end,
Not one dark night did e'er poor Tom befriend!
In vain for him did Sol his light display,
'Twas always *moonshine* either night or day.

In the church at Kendal, Westmoreland, written by Dr. Watson, bishop of Landaff.

In memory of
SIR JOHN WILSON, KNT.
One of his Majesty's Justices of the Court of Common Pleas.
Born at the Howe, Applethwaite, 6 Aug. 1741.
Died at Kendal, 18th of October, 1793.
He did not owe his Promotion
To the weight of
Great Connexions which he never courted;
Nor to the Influence of
Polltical Parties, which he never joined;
But to his Professional Merit,
And the unsolicited Patronage of the
Lord Chancellor Thurlow,
Who, in recommending to his Majesty
So profound a Lawyer,
And so good a Man,
Realized the hopes and expectations of
The whole Bar,
Gratified the general wishes of the Country,
And did honour to
His own Discernment and Integrity.

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